

THE LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

VOL. I.

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NO. 10.

THE LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD
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EDWARD SACHSE.

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Rates of Advertising.

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| One square, 5 lines or less one insertion, | \$1 50 |
| Each additional insertion | 75 |
| Advertisements of Notices, | 2 50 |
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| Small Notices (of a single day), | 3 00 |
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Marriage, Death, Funeral and Church notices will be published free.

All communications of a personal nature must be published under the writer's name.

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The postage on Weekly Newspapers to subscribers, when prepaid quarterly or yearly in advance, either at the mailing office or office of delivery, per quarter, (3 months) five cents.

Weekly newspapers, (one copy only,) sent by the publishers, to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free. There are instances in which subscribers who reside within the county receive their mail matter at post offices beyond the county limits. Such persons are entitled to receive the paper free of postage. But subscribers who live out of the county, and receive their mail matter at a post office within it, must pay postage.

Regular Terms of the Courts of Lincoln County.

COUNTY COURT—Second Monday in February, May and August.
CIRCUIT COURT—Third Monday in March and September.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Member of Congress—G. W. Anderson.
State Senator—E. B. Carol.
Representative—J. Winston Sifton.
Judge Circuit Court—T. J. C. Fagg.
Circuit Attorney—E. P. Johnson.
Clerk Circuit Court & Recorder—A. H. Martin.
Justices of County Court—M. L. Lovel, Presiding Justice, Sam T. Ingram, and James Wilson.
Clerk County Court and School Commissioner—F. C. Cake.
Sheriff and Collector of Revenues—John R. Knox.
County Treasurer—S. R. Woolfolk.
Public Administrator—R. H. Hudson.
County Assessor—D. B. Smiley.
Local Chimney Agent—J. M. McLellan.
U. S. Collector 4th Dist.—A. H. Martin.

JOB PRINTING.

THE WAY TO MAKE
TRADE BRISK
AND
MONEY PLENTY
IS TO USE
PRINTERS' INK
Applied in proper quantities with ingenuity,
Taste and Skill.

The Herald Office is prepared to print
Bills, Cards, Circulars and BALL TICKETS

On the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

EVERY BUSINESS MAN
Needs something in the way
JOB PRINTING,
A Store Bill, a Card or Circular
is almost indispensable.

OUR FRIENDS

Who may feel disposed to favor us with their patronage, may rest assured that no pains will be spared on our part to serve their interests faithfully and promptly.
A share of Public patronage is most respectfully solicited.

POETRY.

Somebody.
Isn't this pretty? It has a child like prattle about it which wins upon the heart like the stringing of pearls:

Somebody's courting somebody,
Somewhere or other, to-night,
Somebody's whispering to somebody,
Somebody's listening to somebody,
Under this clear moonlight.

After the bright river's flow,
Running so still and slow,
Talking so soft and low,
She sits with somebody.

Facing the ocean's shore,
Edged by the foaming roar,
Worried, never breathed before,
Sound sweet to somebody.

Under the maple tree,
Deep though the shadow be,
Plain enough they can see—
Bright eyes has somebody.

No one sits up to wait,
Though she is out so late—
All know she's at the gate,
Talking with somebody.

Tip-toe to parlor door—
Two shadows on the floor—
Moonlight reveals no more—
Says and somebody.

Two, sitting side by side,
Float with the ebbing tide,
"Thou, dearest, may we glide
Through life," says somebody.
Somewhere, somebody
Makes love to somebody
To night.

MISCELLANY.

Highinks on Skates.

Everywhere, in all sorts of newspapers, I had read of glorious skating fun, Central Park skating, Schuylkill and Schuylkill Park, Diamond ditto, private ditto, the grand fun—men on skates, boys on skates, splendid asphyxies in scant skirts, steel shod, and skidding away over the ice—the thunder! the very reading gave me the ice fever, and in the delirium consequent upon the sudden attack, I resolved upon taking an ice-cruise myself.

Why not? What was to hinder? I had never navigated that sort of craft, 'tis true. But 't had been on the water, and under the water all my life, and on ice, too, some. Hadn't I killed seals and chased white bears for months together on ice?

Women could skate—so the papers said. So did everybody else when I inquired of 'em. I could skate! What was the reason I couldn't? The only things I'd ever seen a woman do that I couldn't was to hook her own dress fast, and carrying six feet breadth of crinoline, sail through a twenty inch doorway. Yes sir—I could skate, and I was bound on an ice cruise.

There was nothing to prevent the expedition from being fitted out at once. I was lounging about the Navy Yard, detached from everything, all acquaintances included, waiting orders. Disgusted with bar rooms, detesting theatres, what was I to do for amusement? Why, skate of course! Ah, yes, the very thing, why hadn't I thought of that before? I'd have a cruise directly; or sooner if possible. No, I must have tools first, and I started off up town to find 'em.

I brought up in front of a big window on the starboard side of Chestnut street, going towards Schuylkill, where they had more different rigs of sliding machines than you see national flags at Gibraltar. Knowing about as much of the qualifications of the different patterns as a cow does of chronometer time, I went inside and asked for a pair of skates.

"What kind do you prefer, sir?"
"O, I have no preference. Give me the best article you've got."

"Yes sir," and the clerk passed out for inspection a pair of brass clad, steel clippers, with more gillies and running rigging to 'em than there is to a French sloop of war.

"These are the best, are they?"
"Yes sir—decidedly! Just get on them, sir, and you'll go everywhere and anywhere, like patent lightning! If you don't find it so, bring 'em back, sir, and I'll return your money."

"What's the price?"
"Fourteen dollars! Very cheap, sir."

Didn't believe that, of course, but I went the amount, and made all sail for Fairmount.

Found superb skating. Everybody said so, only those who called it elegant! splendid! magnificent! There was a regiment of men, a battalion of dimity, and a whole brigade of small craft, on skates—skidding, scooting and cutting all sorts of fancies on the ice; everybody laughing, chattering, whooping, skylarking, and skittering in all directions! And I didn't wonder newspapers, and everybody else, called skating glorious fun.

"Have yer skates strapped, sir?" said an itinerant boot-black about the height of a walking stick.

"Do you understand it, bud?"
"O, yes, sir. I strap all the ladies' skates for 'em."

"Ah ha! Do eh? Must have a jolly time of it! Would like the berth myself."

There you are. Go ahead, boy! and get down on Blackie's head, about a couple of fathoms out on the ice.

Whis!—like a rocket, went by a great strapping, long legged chap, with a cigar flying gibbous, and flinging his arms like a frigate's head yards in a hurricane, with the breeze all astir.

"Oh, ho! So they can smoke on skates, eh boy?"
"Lord!—yes, sir. Everybody smokes on ice."

"Exactly! So I fired up on a Principe, and shipped it for the cruise."

Urokin announced skates all strapping, and took a fifty cent "fractional" fee.

"Here boy!—here's another fifty, just allow me to sit on your box a few minutes till I get the run of the navigation."

"Yes, sir, you can set there till I got somebody else to strap."

So I sit there studying ice navigation by dead reckoning, till directly a little petticoat craft, in yellow trousers, skirts to her knees, red belt, Russian cap and some akimbo, swooped down, and checked up right in front of me. There she hung for a minute, quivering like, and balancing, just as a fish hawk does over his prey; and all the time eying me with a jolly twinkle in her dancing black eyes.

"A challenge for a race, Sir! Catch me if you can!"

Little Dimity lifted her left foot a trifle, bent right knee slightly, and made a graceful curve, the bottom of her skirt just brushing my nose; and off she went like a flying fish—so-se-o-e-e—dit!—swinging from side to side, her tartan skirt away hither and thither, like the folds of a spanker brailled in with the ship head to wind.

"So-ho! That's a challenge, is it? and that's the way to skate? Thunder!—I can skate! Anybody can skate!"

But I couldn't, though, whatever any body else could do. I accepted Dimity's challenge, however, and her practice on ice. So I bounced up from that blacking box, lifted left foot a little, bent right knee, and stuck my arms akimbo. But I didn't cut a curve. I did the next best thing, however, and cut a "spread eagle."

Port foot slid due southeast, and starboard one northwest, till I realized those "spread eagle" possibilities on circus business. I wondered if my boots and skates would ever become shipmates again.

"Hullo! mister, you mustn't try to skate all over both sides of this 'ere pond at once," growled an old commercial looking chap, as he checked up long enough to put in the remonstrance against my ice monopoly.

"I say, Mister Saltwater, couldn't yer lift yerself amishup a bit, so we can sail 'tween yer legs?" piped a young scamp, file leader to a string of twenty juvenile skaters.

"Don't try to skate both feet at once, my dear sir!" advised a sensible, Christian looking young man, who came to my assistance, and set me on an even keel once more. "When you lift one foot, sir, you must throw all your vigor and muscle into the other limb. And then remember to sway your body so that your weight will always be on that foot which has the ice. 'Tis very easy, sir, just this way!" and away went my christian mentor, with a long striding graceful swing.

"O yes, that's very easy. All the vigor in the other limb. Yes, I can do it." So I made a prodigious scoot, and—did it!"

"Look here, sir! What do you mean?" yelled the big convey scrambling to his feet and manœuvring for a broadside.

"Beg pardon, sir, I couldn't help it," I replied meekly, sitting still on the ice.

"Couldn't help it? Why didn't you stop?"
"Didn't know how."

"O, ho! green on skates, eh?"
"Yes, greener'n a cabbage!"

That mollified the big chap, and setting me on my pins again, he volunteered to educate me in checking up.

"Turn your toes up and dig the heels of your skates into the ice—this way." And he illustrated.

"O, yes, I can do that." And I did, directly. Off I shot again on one leg, starting this time for the shore, for I'd skated enough.

Half way in, and there slid right down in my course a crowd of forty or so—girls and men, and women and boys. I tried "down brakes" according to instructions, and broke too much. Up toes, and digging my heels into the ice, I sagged back like, and doubled amishup, as if I was going to take a seat, and did! I went down, stern foremost, with a whang, that broke the ice like a pane of window glass shivered by a pebble hurled through it.

I had an idea just then that such a bump as that would have started the armor on any iron clad vessel.

I sold those infernal skates, just as I set, for four dollars, under a strong conviction that there's no fun in skating. It's all a humbug. I can't skate—I don't want to.—Phil. Dispatch.

"DARWIN leads enchantment to the view," as an escaped convict said when he stood on the Jersey shore, and contemplated the distant beauties of Sing Sing.

THE LIBERTY SOCIETY is now in full blast. Question for discussion:—"If a man builds a cork crib, does that give him a right to cork carp."

Discovery of a Mammoth Cave above St. Joseph, Mo.

A few miles above St. Joseph, at a point where the river makes a bold and somewhat lofty bluff, a cave has been discovered which promises to rival the famed Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Explorers have already penetrated its mysterious recesses for the distance of a quarter of a mile. The entrance is narrow, and hidden almost entirely from view by shrubbery and creeping vines. This cave was discovered by the merest accident. A gentleman living in the vicinity, lost a fine cow, and while hunting her came across a wolf. Having his rifle along, he fired and wounded the animal, which ran jumping, or rather crawling away, the following it. It led him to the cave above mentioned. It being nearly dark, and having convinced himself that something more than a mere wolf's den was hid in that lofty bluff, he concluded to go home and return with lights and other materials necessary for a thorough exploration of the cave, keeping the matter, however, for the time a secret. Armed with the proper appurtenances, he returned the next morning, and after crawling through a small aperture for the distance of about twenty feet, suddenly found himself in a large circular room, the walls and ceiling of which were composed of a peculiar kind of grey stone. Passing on through a narrow opening resembling a hall, though of serpentine formation, a much larger room than the first presents itself, being perfectly square, the ceiling of which resembled a huge dome from which hung myriads of pure white stalactites, resembling huge icicles, which, when burnished by the rays of a flaming torch, omitted rays of such acryllant brightness as to astonish and almost bewilder the explorer. In the centre of the room stood a table of solid stone, and seemingly carved by human hands. The floor, also of stone, was perfectly smooth but partially covered with debris of fallen rock and dust. In one corner of this mysterious room a spring bursts forth with a gurgling noise, and mysteriously less itself through the rocky floor at a distance of about two feet from its source. In another corner appears to be a well, entirely bottomless. A stone thrown into it loses itself in the distance, and no "bub" comes back to the ear of the listener as a response that it has reached the bottom below. An almost natural door opens from this room into another triangular shape, the walls of which are composed of angilliferous limestone, against whose sides rude benches, apparently the work of man, fasten themselves in regular order. Broken specimens of quaint, old fashioned pottery are strewn over the floor, giving the place the appearance of having once been inhabited. The explorer penetrated no further, but is confident the beauties of the cave lie still beyond.—St. Joe Herald.

Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the United States.

Salmon P. Chase was born in Cornish, N. H., Jan. 13, 1808. The early death of his father threw him upon the care of his uncle, Bishop Chase. His education began at home, and was continued in the schools of New Hampshire and Central Ohio. It was completed at Cincinnati College and at Dartmouth, in his native state. Destitute of fortune, he resolved to study law, that too frequent resort of young and ambitious minds. For this purpose he went to Washington City, D. C., and entered himself in the office of Wm. Wirt. Thence he removed to Cincinnati, where he practised for several years.

His first public position was that of school-examiner in Cincinnati 1839. In 1840 he was a city councilman—was a Senator in Congress from Ohio, 1849 to 1855, and elected Governor of Ohio in 1855, being re-elected in 1857. In 1860 he was a prominent candidate for presidential nomination, but the choice falling on Abraham Lincoln, he devoted himself to the success of the Republican ticket. He was rewarded by a seat in the cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, which position he resigned in 1864. On the death of Chief Justice Roger Taney, Mr. Lincoln bestowed that most important and honorable position upon Mr. Chase.

Without entering into the vexed questions of politics and finance, Mr. Chase, while Secretary of the Treasury, maintained the credit of the government, and raised sums of money; such as even England, with all its hoarded wealth and stability of institutions; has never attempted.

In his present position, there is no question he will give equal satisfaction to the country; since, amidst the wildest abuse of public men, no opponent, however virulent and unscrupulous, has ever dared to whisper a word against the personal integrity of Salmon P. Chase.

He is a man of fine personal appearance, and is very popular with all who come into personal contact with him.—Chimney Corner.

"Billy, how did you lose your finger?"
"Easily enough," said Billy. "I suppose you did, but how?" "I guess you'd lost your'n if it had been where mine was."

"That don't answer my question." "Well if you must know," said Billy. "I had to cut it off or else steal the trap."

Young man.—"I called to see about the clerkship you advertised as vacant."

Old gent.—"Hem! have you a gold watch and chain, a fast horse, a diamond ring, six suits of clothes, a bull dog, a thousand cigars, a cask of brandy, and an assortment of canes?"

Young Man.—"Yes, sir, got 'em all."

Old Gent.—"Then you'll suit. My other clerk furnished himself with all those things out of the till, so as you're supplied I'll save the expense."

DR. JOHNSON was one day dining at the house of an English lady, when she asked him if he did not think her pudding very good?

"Yes," said the great moralist, "it is very good for hogs."

"Shall I help you to another plateful, then," asked the polite hostess.

COCKNEY ZOOLOGY.—Precocious young lady.—"Law, Ma, here's a heagle!"

Mamma (reproachfully).—A heagle! Oh, you hignorant girl! Vy, it's a howl. Keeper of the menagerie (respectfully).—A fox parading round 'tis an awk!

The Philosophy of Rain.

To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation of the world, so essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments must be remembered:

1. Were the atmosphere everywhere at all times of a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an impenetrable vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently, its capacity to retain humidity, is proportionally greater in warm than in cold air.

3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climate.

Now, when, from continued evaporation the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced, by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, or by a motion of a saturated air to a colder latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple, the philosophy of rain! What but Omnipotence could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth?

Age.

But a few men die of old age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental, or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, "choked with passion," has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break down, or like the candle, to run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives 25 years; the ox 15 or 20; the lion 20; the dog 10 to 12; the rabbit 8; the guinea pig 8 to 7 years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size.

When the cartilaginous parts of the bone become ossified the bones cease to grow. This takes place in a man at about twenty years on the average; in the camel at eight; in the horse at five; in the ox at four; in the lion at four; in the dog at two; in the cat at eighteen months; in the rabbit at twelve; in the guinea pig at seven. Five or six times these numbers give the term of life; five is pretty near the average; some animals greatly exceed it. But mad, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to his average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are a hundred, but instead of that, he scarcely reaches on the average four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most temperate, but the most laborious and hard worked of animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.—Blackwood's Mag.

Excellent Repartee.

The Rev. Dr. McC., minister of Douglas, in Clydesdale, was one day dining in a large party where the honorable Henry Erskine and some other lawyers were present. A great dish of oysters being presented after dinner, Dr. McC., who was extravagantly fond of vegetables, helped himself much more largely than any other person, and as he ate with his fingers with a peculiar voracity of manner, Mr. Erskine was struck with the idea that he resembled Nebuchadnezzar in his state of condemnation. Resolved to give him a hit for the apparent grossness of his taste and manner of eating, the wit addressed him with, "Dr. McC., ye bring me in mind of the great king Nebuchadnezzar;" and the company were beginning to titter at the ludicrous allusion, when the reverend vegetable devourer replied, "Ay, do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? That'll be because I'm eating among the brutes."

The First Trowers.

A young but prudent mother, on the occasion of making her little boy his first pair of colored trowers; conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind as before, so that they might be changed and wear evenly—and she fashioned them. Their effect when donned by the little victim was ludicrous in the extreme. Papa, at first sight of the baggy garment, "so fearfully and wonderfully made," burst into a roar of laughter and exclaimed: "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the poor little fellow won't know whether he is going to school or coming home."

"Isn't the world older than it used to be?" said a young hopeful to his senior.

"Yes, my son."

"Then, what do folks mean by old times?"

"Go to bed, sonny, that's a good boy, and we'll talk of these things on the morrow."

To Morrow.

Morrow is a little station on the Miami Road, about forty miles from Cincinnati. A new brakeman on the road, who did not know the names of the stations, was approached by a stranger the other day, while standing by his train at the depot, who inquired:

"Does this train go to Morrow to-day?"

"No," said the brakeman, who thought the stranger was making game of him, "it goes to-day, yesterday, week after next."

"You don't understand me," persisted the stranger, "I want to go to Morrow."

"Well, why in thunder don't you wait until to-morrow, then, and not come bothering around to-day? You go to-morrow or any other day you please."

"Won't you answer a civil question civilly? What train goes to-day to Morrow?"

"Not exactly. It will go to-day to come back to-morrow."

As the stranger who wanted to go to Morrow was about to leave in disgust, another employe, who knew the station alluded to, came along and gave him the desired information.